



Than if with savage Sauromates, far  
 worse !  
 This air is loathsome ; and this air, I  
 curse;  
 Because, with thy sweet breath it is not  
 blest!  
 Though hot; cool waters I cannot abide,  
 Since the which thy clear eyes as all the  
 rest, Be not, as they sometimes were,  
 purified!  
 The ground I tread, my footing doth  
 infest;  
 Because it is not hallowed with thy feet!  
 I loathe all meat; for all meat is unmeet,  
 Which is not eaten, where thy sweet self  
 feedest! Nothing is pleasant, lovely, rich,  
 or sweet;  
 Which doth not with his grace, thy  
 beauty meet!  
 Ah, too dear absence ! which this  
 sickness breedest  
 Of thy dear Sweet, which cannot be too  
 dear !  
 Yet, if thou will vouchsafe my life to save,  
 Write but one line ! One line, my life will  
 cheer!  
 The ransom of my life, thy name will  
 pay !  
 And I be freed from my much doubtful  
 fear.



ELEGY XVIII.

IF NEITHER Love, nor Pity can procure  
 Thy ruthless heart subscribe to my  
 content j But if thou vow that I shall still  
 endure This doubtful fear, which ever doth  
 torment! If to thine eyes, thine heart can lend  
 a fire,